

Good 578 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



Hailing Cook Sid Telling

IT was one of the best days of the year when we called at 2, Rose Cottages, Upper Hailing, Rochester, Kent, to get some news from home for you, Cook Sid Telling, and we were able to enjoy the lovely view from your front door.

We didn't know whether you were trying to scare us, Sid, but we certainly did get a shock when we saw ourselves in that mirror of yours. You hadn't had one too many at the "Robin" when you hung that, had you?

Your wife and young Margaret seemed pleased enough to see us, but Carol was

rather shy of the man with the camera. We did our best to get her to smile for you, but it didn't seem as though she would.

Margaret will soon be starting school at Lower Hailing, says your wife, but Margaret herself told us that she is not looking forward to it! She'll probably change her mind when she's been there a few weeks.

Both the children say good-night to your photograph at bedtime, and, like your wife, they are eagerly looking forward to the day when you will be home again.

What Would You Do? Asks Andrew Grant

WOULD you be happy if you suddenly came into a fortune?

When William Macey, of Sittingbourne, Kent, won £30,000 in the Irish Sweep, he did not enjoy himself in the way many expected.

He built a house for his wife and himself and invested the rest of the money.

When he died quite recently, William Macey left £34,000! Money did not make much difference to him.

By contrast, look at Elettio Corvi, one of the best-known barbers in San Francisco. Elettio was not a rich man. He made a fair living, and lived in comfort, but, like many others, he wanted to make a fortune.

One morning he was shaving a stranger, and after the man had complimented him on his skill with the razor he said, "I'm sorry I haven't any small to make you a fortune. See these," he pointed to some shares in the stock column of a newspaper. "Buy as many of these as you can. I'll guarantee them."

Corvi might not have heeded this piece of information had he not told his wife. She suggested they might be worth buying, so the barber, at a small cost, bought shares worth—on paper!—two million dollars.

Every morning the barber looked at the shares—and they kept rising. Eventually

he found that he was worth £600,000; in four weeks he had made more than he had earned in thirty-odd years as a barber.

But success went to Corvi's head. He left his modest apartment and secured a suite in one of the largest and most expensive hotels in New York. "Friends" whom he had never set eyes upon until fortune smiled upon him were always around.

After a few weeks of the new life Elettio Corvi became miserable. It dawned upon him that he was not enjoying Elettio was not a rich man. He made a fair living, and lived in comfort, but, like many others, he wanted to make a fortune.

BLEW HIMSELF UP.

One evening, when the man who ran his old business had shut up shop, Corvi returned to his old love. For some hours he just sat in the chair he had worked around for thirty years. Then he filled up all the crevices in the room with newspapers and turned on the gas tap.

As the room filled with gas he lit a match—and a terrific explosion followed.

When his body was recovered, a note was found in his pocket which said: "I am broken-hearted. A fortune made me miserable instead of happy."

Richard Blenkinsop, a young Australian, had a similar experience when he found him-

DICK GORDON says:

It's All Done by Kindness

IT is always a matter of discussion as to whether or not animals are ill-treated in training and playing for films. They are not.

When you see M.-G.-M.'s Technicolor "National Velvet," you'll undoubtedly be moved by a scene in which a beautiful red sorrel horse is lying in its stall, groaning in pain, seemingly on the point of death, while star Mickey Rooney and Elizabeth Taylor are administering remedies.

Don't worry about the horse's groans. He's a better actor than you think, was trained to do it without any prodding, and

Asta, Daisy, Lassie, Trigger, Flicka, and now the newest one, King Charles, the horse that portrays "The Pl," winner of the Grand National steeplechase in "National Velvet."

In addition, there are the bit players and extras



STAGE, SCREEN AND STUDIO

when the scene was finished, got to his feet and happily munched some carrots.

If you were concerned when you saw a bedraggled, exhausted collic, with paws seemingly so torn they left bloody tracks, in "Lassie Come Home," relax, because that, too, was just acting. Lassie was trained for weeks to imitate that exhaustion.

In fact, you need not worry about any scenes in pictures in which animals may seem to be suffering, because no cruelty or abuse may be employed under any circumstances.

There is a startling number of animal actors in Hollywood. There are the "stars" of the quadruped ranks, including

BEFORE the war there were more than a thousand horses kept exclusively for motion picture work, and about 350 dogs. Many of them now are in Army service, but still the ranks are well filled.

There is also an enormous variety of other animals, including elephants, wolves, bears, deer, monkeys, camels, snakes, tigers, birds, and even a tame coyote.

To protect these animal actors there are restrictions as rigid as those for children acting in pictures.

In 1940 the Association of Motion Picture Producers and Distributors signed an agreement with the American Humane Association giving that group jurisdiction over the use of all animals in pictures.

According to Richard C. Craven, western regional director of the Humane Association, the studios have co-operated so completely that there has not been a disagreement since the pact was signed. Hazards have been eliminated. There is no undue strain, no overwork for animal actors.

For locations, animals are transported in lorries, usually



Tom Mix with his original Tony, retired in 1932, and Tony the Second. Their markings are almost identical.

in the cool of the night. After only two hours a day, such trips, even at night, it is ruled that the animals have a rest of five or six hours before work. While there, they receive the best of care from an ample force of men who see to the feeding, grooming and watering of stock.



THERE is little chance of overworking animals in pictures, because of the long time needed to set up cameras, light, reflectors, and other equipment between scenes, whether on location or on a sound stage. A survey was made by the Humane Association and it was discovered that the average working time of animals before the camera was

Even in chases in Westerns, horses seldom run more than a quarter of a mile at a time, because that is the limit of camera range; then there must be a new camera set-up, during which the horses may rest.

If you see a horse fall in an action scene, it is trained to do that. No trip wires are used. For indoor scenes under hot lights the animals have stand-ins, as do biped stars.

Since the agreement with the Humane Association in 1940 there have been no serious injuries to animals in pictures, and in that time only one fatality. A runaway horse, not even working before the cameras, was killed when it ran into a tree between scenes.

Here is Home Circle A.B. Albert Davis

AS we arrived at 5 Rawson Cottages, Capel, nr Dorking, A.B. Albert George Davis, Dad was just leaving at the front door. He told us he was just off to feed the chickens, and the donkey he bought recently, which is stabled in the blacksmith's shop, and about which we learnt more later.

The front room was full when we got inside, as there was Mother, Mary, Jean and Nurse Bryan, a friend of Dorothy's, toasting themselves before the fire.

Mary opened the home gossip by saying it seemed very quiet without you around to have a scrap with!

Auntie Flo then popped in from the kitchen, where she was making the tea, to say she has heard from Eric in India, and he is hoping to be home this year. Bernard is now in Athens, Ron is still in Italy, and both are doing well.

Your pal Norman called in that morning. He will be writing you soon, and in the



meantime sends his best wishes.

Ken Phillips got married the day previous to our call, in Kenya, and has now gone back to missionary work.

Dad has had another row with the gypsies. One threat-

ened to fetch a policeman to keep Pa in order, because he wouldn't shoe his horse.

There were too many presents for Jean to say much, but she contents herself by sending all her love, and says come home soon as she is

longing to see you again, and "Don't forget our plans."

Dad also wants you back as he expects you to take over so that he can retire. Mother says all down the road send their love, also, of course, all at No. 5.

THIS STORY IS YEAR'S BEST

CAPTAIN HOPE HARRIN, serving overseas, has won the title of world's champion liar for 1944, awarded by the Burlington (Wisconsin) liar's club.

Here is the new champion's story, adjudged the best of 5,000 submitted at the club's sixteenth annual contest.

"Two years away from my girl friend became unbearable: I have been in the officers' mess and have seen much work done with dehydrated foods. So I wrote to my girl, a pretty blonde, to go to a plant and get herself dehydrated. She did.

Her mother then put her in an envelope and sent her to me by air mail. When the letter arrived I took her out, poured water over her, and in half an hour she was as good and as fresh as ever."

THIS IS GOOD, TOO.

LITTLE John Coleman, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Coleman, of Bartlett Cottage, Oreston, recently received (and was able to read) a postcard from his cousins Barbara and Margaret with best wishes for his second birthday.

John is no prodigy. He could read the greetings for

himself because he's eight years old now. The card had been six years in the post!

We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Hangover Costs a Man's Life

THE French, with no instinct for colonization, futile in their childish playgame of developing the resources of the island, were only too glad to see the English Company succeed. What matter of Schemmer and his redoubtable fist? The Chinago that died? Well, he was only a Chinago. Besides, he died of sunstroke, as the doctor's certificate attested.

True, in all the history of Tahiti no one had ever died of sunstroke. But it was that, precisely that, which made the death of this getting at. They grew angry with-Chinago unique. The doctor said as out apparent cause, and their anger much in his report. He was very candid. Dividends must be paid, like wild beasts at such times, or else one more failure would be added to the long history of failure in Tahiti.

There was no understanding these white devils. Ah Cho pondered their inscrutableness as he sat in the court-room waiting the judgment. There was no telling what went on at the back of their minds.

He had seen a few of the white devils. They were all alike—the officers and sailors on the ship, the French officials, the several white men on the plantation, including Schemmer. Their minds all moved in mysterious ways there was no which made the death of this getting at. They grew angry with-Chinago unique. The doctor said as out apparent cause, and their anger much in his report. He was very candid. Dividends must be paid, like wild beasts at such times, or else one more failure would be added to the long history of failure in Tahiti.

A Chinago never knew when an act would please them or arouse a storm of wrath. A Chinago could

never tell. What pleased one time, the very next time might provoke an outburst of anger. There was a curtain behind the eyes of the white devils that screened the backs of their minds from the Chinago's gaze.

And then, on top of it all, was that terrible efficiency of the white devils, that ability to do things, to make things go, to work results, to bend to their wills all creeping, crawling things, and the powers of the very elements themselves. Yes, the white men were strange and wonderful, and they were devils. Look at Schemmer.

Ah Cho wondered why the judgment was so long in forming. Not a man on trial had laid hand on Chung Ga. Ah San alone had killed him. Ah San had done it, bending Chung Ga's head back with one hand by a grip of his queue, and with the other hand, from behind, reaching over and driving the knife into his body. Twice had he driven it in. There in the court-room, with closed eyes, Ah Cho saw the killing acted over again—the squabble, the vile words bandied back and forth, the filth and insult flung upon venerable ancestors, the curses laid upon unbegotten generations, the leap of Ah San, the grip on the queue of Chung Ga, the knife that sank twice into his flesh, the bursting open of the door, the eruption of Schemmer, the dash for the door, the escape of Ah San, the flying belt of Schemmer that drove the rest into the corner, and

the firing of the revolver as a signal that brought help to Schemmer.

Ah Cho shivered as he lived it over. One blow of the belt had bruised his cheek, taking off some of the skin. Schemmer had pointed to the bruises when, on the witness-stand, he had identified Ah Cho. It was only just now that the marks had become no longer visible.

That had been a blow. Half an inch nearer the centre and it would have taken out his eye. Then Ah Cho forgot the whole happening in a vision he caught

Continuing THE CHINAGO By JACK LONDON

of the garden of meditation and repose that would be his when he returned to his own land.

He sat with impassive face, while the magistrate rendered the judgment. Likewise were the faces of his four companions impassive. And they remained impassive when the interpreter explained that the five of them had been found guilty of the murder of Chung Ga, and that Ah Cho should have his head cut off, Ah Cho serve twenty years in prison in New Caledonia, Wong Li twelve years, and Ah Tong ten years.

There was no use in getting excited about it. Even Ah Chow remained expressionless as a mummy, though it was his head that was to be cut off. The magistrate added a few words, and the interpreter explained that Ah Chow's face having been most severely bruised by Schemmer's strap had made his identification so positive that, since one man must die, he might as well be that man.

Also, the fact that Ah Cho's face likewise had been severely bruised, conclusively proving his presence

(Continued on Page 3)

QUIZ for today

1. Alfresco means ornamental moulding, drunkenness, coloured distemper, in the open air, mosaic work?
2. Hibernation is sleeping through the winter; what is sleeping through the summer called?
3. Are sponges plants or animals?
4. What is the average weight of the human brain?

5. The Indian Mutiny took place in 1827, '37, '47, '57?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Crotchet, Minim, Quaver, Semibreve, Bar, Breve.

Answers to Quiz in No. 577

1. Young salmon.
2. U.S.A., because of an old law forbidding the game of "ninepins."
3. Australia.
4. The collapse of the South Sea Company, 1721.
5. 2,000 gallons. (Average, 550 gallons).
6. Rubens was a Fleming; others Italian.

JOKE CORNER



"The big glass for me again! Really, Mr. Selby, you're too, too generous!"



"Just there, gentlemen—35/- a bottle!"

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



DISCUSSING "Visual Aids in Education," Harrow's headmaster, R. W. Moore, stresses the educational value of films, particularly in the world of to-morrow, where the film strip as an educational factor will play such an important part in keeping the coming generation alive to opportunities for progressive careers in parts of the world which the geography book cannot depict in the same manner as the film strip.

Moore contends that co-operation between teachers and producers must be secured to see that the right content and quality of picture is produced. Comparing the relative value of silent and talking films as an educational aid, he says that talking films possess a higher degree of concreteness in certain contexts, but in other contexts silent films may have advantages.

★

THE silent film allows a lecturer to talk and to give to his discussion what variation he wants, whereas the sound track commentary is unvarying. He points out that the sound element, in satisfying the ear, may at the same time cause the eye to wander.

He says that there is a need for good, short films of the scope of a paragraph, or even of a sentence, as opposed to lengthy films. These short films make for easy insertion into a lesson. Science must be ready to simplify its existing mechanical apparatus, and to provide a means of switching over and back from explanation to film.

Did you hear the one about the fingerstalls?

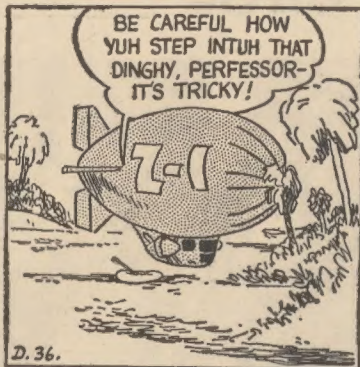
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TANNY, a 54-year-old coasting steamer, grounded in the Avon in dense fog and capsized when the tide ebbed, blocking part of the fairway.

Fifty men went to work for three days with a 70-ton crane, and in three days she was righted and pumped out.

She was docked, found to be little damaged. Soon she will be ready to sail again.

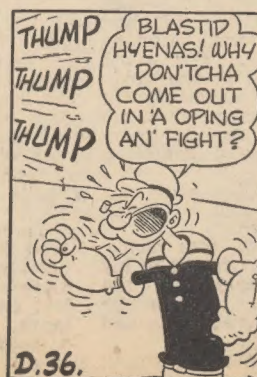
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



WANGLING WORDS—517

1. Insert consonants in **I**A**Y and **O**E**E and get two districts in France.
2. Here are two Welsh towns whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
3. If "damage" is the "age" of destruction, what is the age of (a) Hotels, (b) Stout Hearts?
4. Find the two meat dishes hidden in: They think they are the only people who live round here, and always slam both doors.

Answers to Wangling

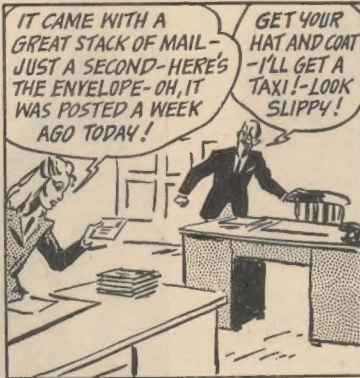
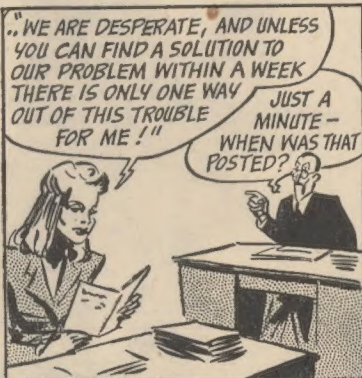
Words—No. 516

1. SILESIA, BRANDENBURG.
2. SIGNAL—SLEEPER.
3. (a) Assets, (b) Passion.
4. Sard-in-e, So-le.

JANE



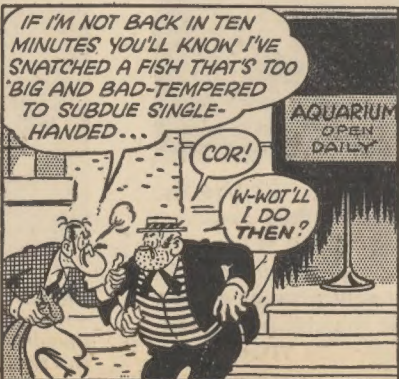
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



THE CHINAGO

lated about life and death. As for himself, he was not perturbed.

Twenty years was merely twenty years. By that much was his garden removed from him—that was all. He was young, and the patience of Asia was in his bones. He could wait those twenty years, and by that time the heats of his blood would be assuaged and he would be better fitted for that garden of calm delight.

He thought of a name for it; he would call it The Garden of the Morning Calm. He was made happy all day by the thought, and he was inspired to devise a moral maxim on the virtue of patience, which maxim proved a great comfort, especially to Wong Li and Ah Tong.

Ah Chow, however, did not care for the maxim. His head was to be separated from his body in so short a time that he had no need for patience to wait for that event. He smoked well, ate well,

slept well, and did not worry about the slow passage of time.

Cruchot was a gendarme. He had seen twenty years of service in the colonies, from Nigeria and Senegal to the South Seas, and those twenty years had not perceptibly brightened his dull mind. He was as slow-witted and stupid as in his peasant days in the South of France.

He knew discipline and fear of authority, and from God down to the sergeant of gendarmes the only difference to him was the measure of slavish obedience which he rendered.

In point of fact, the sergeant bulked bigger in his mind than God, except on Sundays when God's mouthpieces had their say. God was usually very remote, while the sergeant was ordinarily very close at hand.

Cruchot it was who received the order from the Chief Justice to the jailer commanding that functionary to deliver over to Cruchot the per-

son of Ah Chow. Now, it happened that the Chief Justice had given a dinner the night before to the captain and officers of the French man-of-war. His hand was shaking when he wrote out the order, and his eyes were aching so dreadfully that he did not read over the order.

It was only a Chinago's life he was signing away, anyway. So he did not notice that he had omitted the final letter in Ah Chow's name.

The order read, "Ah Cho," and, when Cruchot presented the order, the jailer turned over to him the person of Ah Cho. Cruchot took that person beside him on the seat of a wagon, behind two mules, and drove away.

(More to-morrow)

ALEX CRACKS

A new bride tripped into a shop to make a purchase for her husband. The assistant was one of those laconic individuals who deal in monosyllables.

"I want some cigarettes for my husband."

"Cork?"

"Is that better than tobacco?"

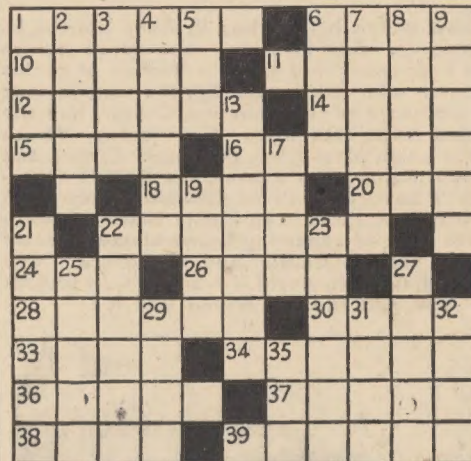
Ear Specialist (to Cockney patient): "Now, my man, what about this ear?"

Cockney: "This 'ere wot?"

"Snowdrops, sir?" said the hawker to the absent-minded professor.

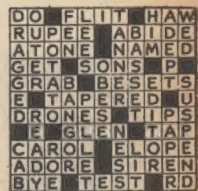
"Yes, I believe it does," was the old man's reply.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

1. Hat.
6. Undermines.
10. Dispose.
11. Creek.
12. Boy's name.
14. Chorister.
15. Retained.
16. Caught sight of.
18. Source.
20. Unit of work.
22. Swans.
24. Girl's name.
26. Stout line.
28. More time.
30. Mineral.
33. Bathing place.
34. Reach high.
36. Success.
37. Mean dwelling.
38. Act.
39. Loathe.



CLUES DOWN.

1. Chat.
2. Projecting window.
3. Support.
4. Store room.
5. Watch.
6. Bite.
7. Friends.
8. Boy's name.
9. Indigestible.
13. Girl's name.
17. Walk.
19. Giant.
21. Cried shrilly.
22. Dip.
23. Drinkholder.
25. Utter.
27. Heals.
29. Drive on.
31. Dwell.
32. Dissolve.
35. The lady.

PHIZ QUIZ

She comes from Sweden, works in America, and made her name in a great film of the Spanish War, in which her hair was cut as short as a boy's.

(Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 577: George Robey.

Dulcie Gray

IN 1936, a slim, rather wistful looking girl, with clear-cut features and light brown hair, arrived in England from Malaya with £10 in her purse. Her name was Dulcie Gray, and she was beginning a career.

It was hard going at first. She earned pin-money by teaching an Italian girl English, got 5s. a week for walking a dog, posed for three artists, and was then left some money, the third of an 84th share from a great-aunt. With this she began the career, at the Webber Douglas Dramatic School.

Two years later she was ready as an actress, and on May 8th, 1939, with Arthur Whatmore's repertory company in Aberdeen, she made her debut as Sorrel in "Hay Fever." She was also on honeymoon, for the week previously she had married a former fellow student, Michael Denison, now also acting at Aberdeen.

More repertory followed, in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Harrogate, then 18 months with the B.B.C. in "Front Line Family," and Empire broadcasts, and finally by 1942 she was acting in London in Robert Atkin's Shakespeare season in Regent's Park. Then she went into "The Little Foxes" at the Piccadilly Theatre, and the Press stirred.

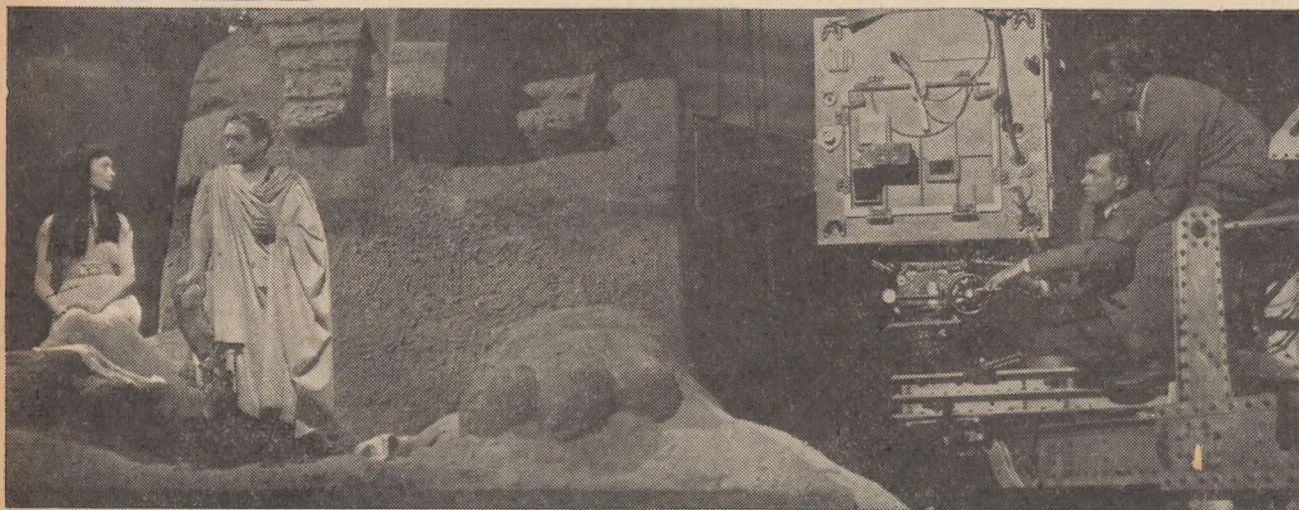
Her name was still fresh in their minds when she put the capitals on it by her brilliant performance as Rose in "Brighton Rock." The name "Dulcie Gray" swept through theatrical London, she went into a Gielgud production, "Landslide," and the film world reached out for her before it was too late.

Gainsborough Pictures put her under contract and into their interment camp drama, "2,000 Women," followed by "Madonna of the Seven Moons" and "A Place of One's Own."

Dick Gordon

**Good
Morning**

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA



George Bernard Shaw wrote it. Arthur V. Rank bought it. Gabriel Pascal filmed it. But two thousand years before any of these things happened, God made a Roman of genius and a beautiful woman who ruled over Egypt: and history has reported that the name of the man was Caesar, and the name of the woman was Cleopatra. And to-day, Vivien (Gone with the Wind) Leigh plays Cleo, the lovely Queen, and Claude (Invisible Man) Rains plays Caesar, the Roman sugar-daddy. The film will have cost all of £500,000 before it is finished. The Government rates it so highly that men have been taken from the task of repairing bomb-blasted houses to build the gigantic sets. "Caesar and Cleopatra" will put Britain on top of the movie-world if—and it's an important "if"—you and the girl friend like it!



Enter the strutting Caesar. This is what you see in your comfortable seat in the cinema. But the task of handling that huge crowd of extras, of seeing that every costume is correct, that every movement appears natural and spontaneous, meant days of plodding work for Gabby Pascal and his minions.



Caesar places the crown upon Cleo's head. Thus does a proud queen yield to the Roman strangers she first met in the shadow of the Sphinx. To show you just how fine a cast has been assembled for this British picture it is only necessary to say that Flora Robson plays the Nurse and Renee Ascherson a handmaiden.



Oliver Messel, ace costume designer, has had the time of his life with the richly-ornamented costumes of ancient Egypt and the burning colours of Imperial Rome. The film is photographed throughout in technicolour, and the screen should present a feast for the eyes. Here is just one of the elaborate head-dresses, exact in every detail, worn by Vivien Leigh as Cleopatra.



Caesar discusses the ways of women with his lieutenant Ruffio, played by Basil Sydney. Not a line of Shaw's wit and wisdom is wasted by these two fine actors with the magnificent voices.



Francis L. Sullivan, the screen's embodiment of smooth-tongued villainy, adds strength to a cast that positively dazzles with its stellar names. This film is being made by the director who made "Pygmalion"—and that should be sufficient recommendation to discerning film fans.



Stewart Granger plays Apollodorus, Cleo's Sicilian merchant knight, who is not afraid to speak his mind to mighty Caesar. This set is Cleopatra's music-room, one of the most beautiful in the whole film.



Stewart Granger poles across the water to inspect the Egyptian defences. In a desperate attempt to fling out the Roman invaders, the soldiers of Cleopatra launch an attack against the armies of Caesar who have seized the great Pharos lighthouse at Alexandria.